DC

18

POISON IVY™

WILSON
VECCHIO
PRIANTO

MOURNING SICKNESS

13+
TEEN

SUPERMAN SOARS TO NEW HEIGHTS
IN A BATTLE FOR THE FUTURE OF METROPOLIS!

SUPERMAN SUPERSTARS

BEGINS HERE.

TOP CHARACTERS.
TOP CREATORS.
ALL ACTION.

SUPERMAN

ACTION COMICS

#1061

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Written by
Eisner Award winner
JASON AARON

DC

JANUARY

Art by
bestselling artist
JOHN TIMMS

SLAUGHTER SWAMP.

HOW MANY MORE OF THESE GUYS ARE COMING AGAIN?

IT... IT COULD BE HUNDREDS.

HUNDREDS?!

I'M SORRY, CROC. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD COME TO TH--

KRAA!

SOLOMON GRUNDY!

UGH!

...WOW.

HRRH!

DIED ON SATURDAY...

BURIED ON SUNDAY.

After that, it got a little **easier.**

THUNK

WOOSH

CRA?

SO. WHAT I'M HEARIN' YOU SAY IS THAT THIS TYPE OF THING IS GONNA START HAPPENIN' A LOT.

THAT'S THE *GIST* OF IT, YEAH.

YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A MESS, IVY.

YEAH, WELL, IT TURNS OUT THAT SINGLE-HANDEDLY SAVING THE PLANET FROM THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF HUMAN EXPLOITATION ISN'T AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS.

EVEN I COULDA TOLD YOU THAT.

THAT WAS THE END.

OF SOLOMON GRUNDY.

NO, WAIT! GRUNDY!

IF YOU COULD JUST STAY A LITTLE LONGER... I KNOW I SHOULDN'T EVEN ASK, BUT I MIGHT NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN.

TOOK ILL ON THURSDAY.

I REALIZE THAT, BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT.

GREW WORSE ON FRIDAY.

OKAY, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, BUT THIS AFFECTS YOU TOO. IF WE DON'T FIGHT BACK, YOUR SWAMP IS GOING TO BE OVERRUN WITH THESE LITTLE CREEPS.

Because the **thing** about **villains** is this--

DIED ON SATURDAY...

We're **selfish.**

CHRISTENED ON TUESDAY?

You can **only** get us to do what you **want** if you appeal to one of two things--

Our **vanity...**

...or our highly developed **survival instincts.**

DON'T WORRY. I'M GOING TO ***FIX*** THIS. IF YOU HELP ***ME,*** I'LL HELP ***YOU.***

MARRIED ON WEDNESDAY.

Let's not get **ahead** of ourselves.

WELL. THIS MAKES ***THREE*** OF US.

FOR ***NOW.***

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TA ***DO*** WITH HIM? STICK HIM ON THE ***PORCH*** LIKE A GIANT, ROTTEN ***GARDEN GNOME?***

NO IDEA. BUT WE ***NEED*** HIM-- WE NEED ***ALL*** THE ***MUSCLE*** WE CAN GET IF WE'RE GOING TO ***SURVIVE*** THIS.

IVY. WE CAN'T HOLD OFF WAVE AFTER WAVE A' THESE THINGS, EVEN WITH ***GRUNDY*** FOR BACKUP.

I KNOW. I'M ***WORKING*** ON IT.

And I do.

I work as fast as I can.

Making more and more of the **antidote** in this little series of **beakers** and **bunsen burners** that passes for a **lab.**

Waiting.

Hoping.

Fending off that **sinking feeling** you get when you **know** you're going to **fail.**

SEVENTY-EIGHT, SEVENTY-NINE...

IT'S STILL NOT *ENOUGH.*

THERE'S *NO WAY* WE CAN MAKE ENOUGH *ANTIDOTE* FOR THE *ENTIRE CITY* USING A DIY LAB IN A *SWAMP* LIKE *SIDE CHARACTERS* IN SOME *HORROR FILM.*

THERE'S ONLY *ONE CHOICE.*

I HAVE TO GO *TALK* TO HIM.

HIM WHO?

HIM.

ROBINSON PARK. LATER THAT EVENING.

"HIM WHO." WHO ELSE *IS* THERE?

AHHH!

WOOSH

Some people think that beneath this mask there is a **deep wellspring** of tender, **wounded** feelings just **waiting** to be explored.

But let me **tell** you something.

I THOUGHT WE AGREED TO GIVE EACH OTHER ***SPACE.***

SINCE YOU'RE ***HERE,*** I ASSUME YOU ***WANT*** SOMETHING.

Beneath this mask?

A pompous, monosyllabic **JERK.**

WE HAVE TO *TALK.*

WHICH MEANS YOU NEED MY *HELP.*

LOOK, I WOULDN'T *ASK* UNLESS I WAS *DESPERATE.*

I...DID SOME THINGS THAT *ESCALATED* BEYOND MY *CONTROL.*

In my *defense,* I did them for the *survival* of this *planet.*

BUT NOW IT'S A MUCH, *MUCH* BIGGER PROBLEM THAN GOOD GUYS VERSUS *BAD GUYS.* EXISTENTIAL. *BIG.*

...HOW BIG?

ZOMBIES. COMING TO GOTHAM. PRETTY MUCH AS WE *SPEAK.*

...Zombies.

Look. DON'T TAKE THIS *PERSONALLY,* BUT THIS IS THE *LAST THING* I NEED RIGHT NOW.

THIS WAS NEVER THE *PLAN!*

THESE PEOPLE WERE SUPPOSED TO *DIE PEACEFULLY* AND BECOME *PLANT FOOD!*

AND I *HAVE* AN *ANTIDOTE.* I JUST NEED HELP SCALING UP *PRODUCTION!*

ALWAYS THE *SAME MISTAKE.*

YOU TRY TO *SOLVE* A PROBLEM BY CREATING A *BIGGER* PROBLEM.

NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU *FAIL,* YOU KEEP USING THE *SAME METHODS.*

THAT'S *BAD SCIENCE.*

THIS WAS A *MISTAKE.* I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE.

AND *I* SHOULD HAND YOU OVER TO *GOTHAM CITY PD* RIGHT *NOW.*

I GUESS WE'VE *BOTH* MADE MISTAKES.

BUT YOU'RE GOING TO *NEED* ME IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS. *NO ONE* KNOWS WHAT *I* KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS.

IF YOU *LOCK* ME UP, WHATEVER HAPPENS *NEXT* IS NOT MY *PROBLEM.*

...GIVE ME THE *ANTIDOTE.* I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN *DO.*

THANK YOU, I--

DON'T THANK ME.

THIS ISN'T A *FAVOR.*

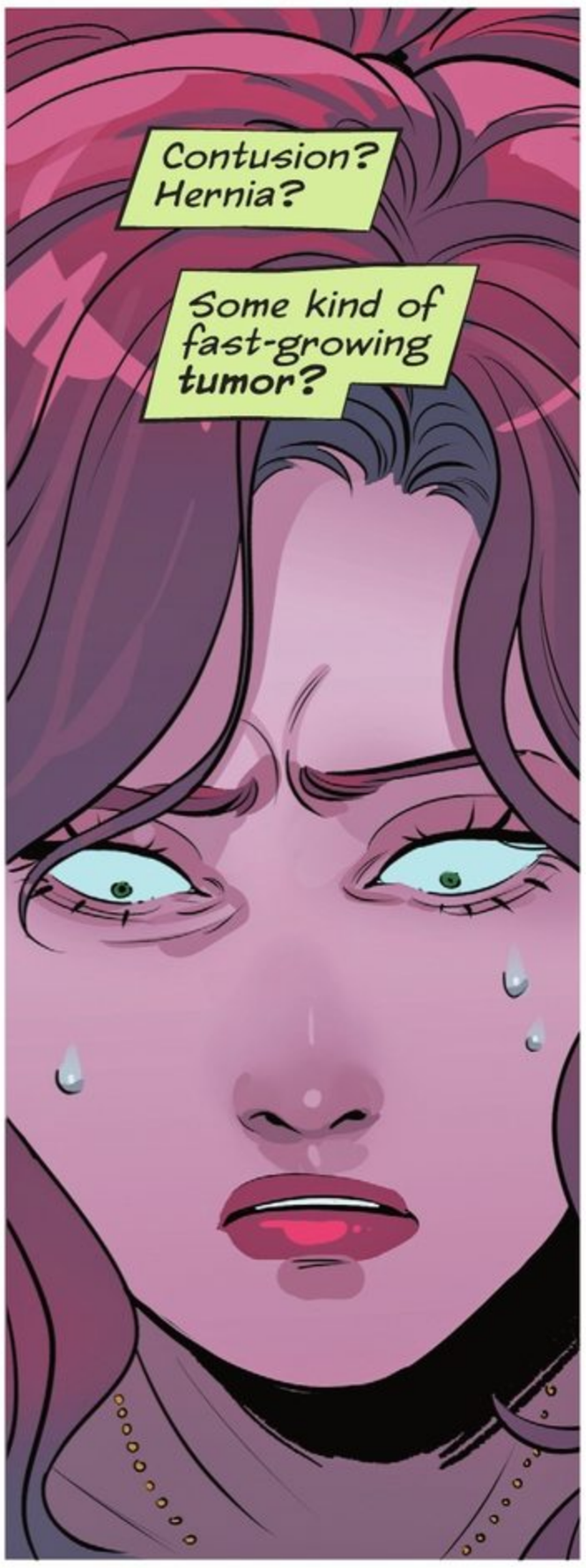
ONE DAY-- MAYBE NOT *TODAY,* BUT *ONE* DAY-- YOU'LL *REALIZE* YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR THE *WRONG SIDE.*

BE PREPARED TO WAIT A *LONG* TIME.

Nobody knows you quite as well as your enemies.

That's what makes them so easy to hate.
Hnng!
They're like a kind of pain that never really leaves you.

Like...
... like...
Well, this can't be good.


Contusion? Hernia?
Some kind of fast-growing tumor?

Is it...

...moving?

I'VE GOT TO SEE A DOCTOR...

I **am** a doctor. Technically. I mean, I have a **doctorate.**

But I can't **heal myself.**

Not from whatever **this** is.

THE NEXT MORNING.

So I do what **everyone** does when they get **inconvenient** aches and pains.

I continue to **ignore** it.

SO. HOW'D IT GO WITH THE POINTY-EARED RENT-A-COP?

POORLY.

YOU GOTTA REST. YOU'RE EXHAUSTED.

I'LL REST WHEN I'VE FIGURED OUT A SOLUTION.

I CAN'T DEPEND ON BATMAN. WHO KNOWS WHETHER HE'LL ACTUALLY HELP OR JUST USE THIS AS AN EXCUSE TO

AAAHH!

MORE PLANT GOBLINS?

NO-- IT CAN'T BE. I NEED MORE TIME--

Wh--what is... WHAT IS THAT THING?

SOLOMON GRUNDY!

BORN ON A MONDAY...

Oh good. IT'S JUST JANET-FROM-HR.

WHO FROM WHERE?

AAAAHH!

CALM DOWN. TAKE A *DEEP* BREATH.

THESE ARE MY GOOD FRIENDS *SOLOMON GRUNDY* AND *KILLER CROC.* THEY'RE *NOT* GOING TO *HURT* YOU.

K--KILLER *WHAT?!*

HEH HEH--

Ohgod ohmygod--

DID YOU GET EVERYTHING OFF THAT *LIST* I SENT YOU?

Y--YEAH... *SILICONE STRIPS*, AGAR, GLUCOSE MEDIUM, DONUTS, *COFFEE...*

THE SUSTAINABLE, SHADE-GROWN, *RAINFOREST-SAFE* KIND, RIGHT?

YES. *Jeez.*

I HEARD THE WORD DONUTS.

Hnnnnnnnnnngh!

NOM NOM!

AN' ANOTHER ONE FOR GRUNDY.

JANET! I NEED YOU.

I'LL, uh--
I'll bring more donuts later.

I MAY NEED YOUR *HELP* WITH THIS.

HELP WITH *WHAT?*

PREVENTING THE *PLANT ZOMBIE* APOCALYPSE. BUT FOR *NOW,* JUST PREPARE SOME *SLIDES.*

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT *PREPARING SLIDES,* BUT I CAN *TYPE* REALLY FAST, IF THAT HELPS.

God, what is the *point.*

EVEN WITH CROC AND GRUNDY, EVEN WITH *YOU,* THE WORLD'S MOST ADORABLE *ADMIN,* EVEN IF *BATMAN* DOES THE *RIGHT THING* FOR ONCE...

...IT'S STILL *IMPOSSIBLE.*

YOU CAN'T PUT THE *MUSHROOM* BACK IN THE *BOTTLE* AFTER THE *HORSE* HAS BOLTED.

LISTEN TO ME. I'M *MIXING METAPHORS* NOW.

YOU SOUND *REALLY* NOT OKAY. ARE YOU FEELING ALL--

Nnggh!

PAM?!

The pain comes over me in waves.

CROC!

HELP!

IVY?

WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE JUST COLLAPSED!

WHADDAYA MEAN SHE JUST COLLAPSED?

JUST WHAT I SAID! SHE PUT A HAND ON HER SIDE LIKE SHE WAS HAVING CHEST PAINS OR SOMETHING...

I want to tell them there is something breaking loose.

But I can't speak.

In the stories, Eve is split from Adam's rib while he's asleep.

But I am wide awake.

I feel the pressure of cracked bone.

HAWKEN

OH MY GOD--

AAAA

WHAT DO WE DO? IT'S LIKE SHE'S BEIN' SPLIT IN HALF!

I HAVE NO IDEA! I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING!

But nothing ever **returns** in the **same form.**

It **adapts.**

It **evolves.**

...PAM?

PAM?!

BORN ON A MONDAY?

It comes back to **haunt** *those who have* **failed** *to learn its* **lessons.**

The Green sends it back into the world stronger than it was before.

Because DEATH is not the END.

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DEVOUR ME, PAMELA ISLEY.

BUT I AM MORE THAN JASON WOODRUE.

I AM THE FLORONIC MAN. I AM LIFE ITSELF. AND NOW I WILL DEVOUR THE WORLD.

DC COMICS PRESENTS:

POISON IVY

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

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NEXT: ORIGIN OF SPECIES!

IT'S QUIET ABOVE THE CLOUDS. ALL SUPERMAN HEARS IS BIZARRO'S **BREATHING.**

HE SOUNDS DIFFERENT. LESS MANIC. MORE FOCUSED.

SUPERMAN CAN'T HELP BUT FIND THIS SOMEWHAT **UNSETTLING.**

BIZARRO?

YOU **REMEMBER** ME, RIGHT? I'M SUPERMAN. WE'VE BEEN **ALLIES** IN THE PAST.

HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED ON BIZARRO WORLD? OR WITH YOUR SON, BOYZARRO? LAST THING JON AND I HEARD, HE'D RETURNED HOME.

WHATEVER IT IS, I'D LIKE TO HELP. WHAT I MEAN IS...

I NO COME FOR TALKING.

SUPERMAN ONLY WANT TO **FIGHT.**

WHAT NO SAY YOU, BIZARRO?

HMPH.

YOU THINK I **SMARTEST** MAN ALIVE.

YOU **KNOW,** SUPERMAN. YOU KNOW SO **MUCH.**

BIZARRO, PLEASE, LET'S NOT--

TTHWAKK

JASON AARON WRITER
JOHN TIMMS ARTIST
REX LOKUS COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER.
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

PREVIEW

SUPERMAN ACTION COMICS

PREVIEW

MOMENTS LATER...

BOOMM

UUUGH. IS THIS...

THIS IS VENUS.

BIZARRO JUST SWATTED ME...25 MILLION MILES.

THAT LEVEL OF POWER IS BEYOND ANYTHING HE'S SHOWN BEFORE.

HOW HAS HE--

I NOT KNOW WHAT YOU THINKING. AND YOU WRONG.

UGH!

I SAME BIZARRO!

SAMEST BIZARRO EVER!

PREVIEW

SUPERMAN ACTION COMICS

PREVIEW

CORONA OF THE SUN.

MOONS OF JUPITER.

SATURN'S RINGS.

PLUTO.

THOOM

THREE BILLION MILES FROM EARTH.

PREVIEW

SUPERMAN ACTION COMICS

PREVIEW

YOU NOT STAY HERE, SUPERMAN.

GET UP, TRY TO STOP ME.

MAKE ME KILL YOU.

SSHHAAAZZAAKK

BIZARRO!

OH, BIZARRO...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

PREVIEW

SUPERMAN ACTION COMICS

PREVIEW

WOLFSBANE PETALS FROM THE **ANTIMATTER GARDENS** OF **QWARD.**

AN ELIXIR OF **HUNGER DOG TEARS** FROM THE FIRE-PITTED **ARMAGETTO** OF **APOKOLIPS.**

THE STILL-TWITCHING TONGUE OF A **FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL IMP.**

A MYRIAD OF ARCANE INGREDIENTS HAVE BEEN GATHERED FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE COSMOS.

SOMEHOW, BIZARRO SIMPLY **KNOWS** WHAT IS NEEDED.

SINCE THE SORCERERS' WORLD, HE CAN SEE IN A WAY NO BIZARRO EVER HAS.

THE THREADS OF ALL EXISTENCE LIE UNSPOOLED BEFORE HIM.

HE CAN SEE IT **ALL.**

EXCEPT A WAY **HOME.**

SUPERMAN ACTION COMICS

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THE SANDMAN ✦ UNIVERSE

HE'S GOT ONE LAST TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE BEFORE EVERYTHING GOES TO HELL.

JOHN CONSTANTINE

HELLBLAZER

DEAD IN AMERICA

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Writer
SI SPURRIER
and artist
AARON CAMPBELL
return with a
new 9-issue series

JANUARY

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INTERVIEW WITH WRITER

JASON AARON

Eisner Award-winning writer Jason Aaron and fan-favorite artist John Timms usher in an unpredictable new era for the Man of Steel in *Action Comics* #1061, which kicks off the yearlong Superman Superstars initiative. DC Nation talked with Aaron to get the lowdown on what fans can expect.

What's it like not only to write Superman—but to write him in *Action Comics*, the series that started it all?

It's a huge honor. No other way to describe it. What a phenomenal way to start my first real stint as a writer for DC Comics. First a Batman book, in the form of *Batman: Off-World*, and now a story for *Action Comics*, the series that truly paved the way for so much of what has shaped my life as a comic book fan and creator.

Is Superman a character you've always wanted to write?

For a long time, yeah. I've felt for a while now like you're not really a proper comic book writer until you've gotten to write Superman. Also, there's the fact that my entire 20-year comics-writing career has coincided with me moving to Kansas, so it feels like I need to pay the Man of Steel back for what he's so graciously given me.

How have you enjoyed collaborating with artist John Timms?

John was born to draw Superman and his world. He gives all of it such majesty and splendor, while also nailing all the creepier, weirder elements that are such a big part of this story. And he really goes all out with the first big fight scene we see between Superman and Bizarro, taking things to a truly epic scale.

How did you land on Bizarro as the villain for your story? What makes him different in this story from what readers have seen from him before?

I love the all-out weirdness of Bizarro, but I also saw the chance to bring a darker, more sorrowful edge to the character. This is a broken, damaged version of poor Bizarro, who stumbles upon a revelation about himself that allows him to strike in a wild new way against a world that has hated and mocked him for far too long.

DON'T MISS *ACTION COMICS* #1061, ON SALE IN JANUARY!

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